

## Thalos 177

### Chapter 177: The Might of the God-King

Half a day later, in the southern coastal region of the northern island of Connacht, Queen Medb's command tent welcomed a special guest.

"You say... you're the master of that mangy mutt Cú Chulainn?" Medb looked curiously at the slender woman before her.

Though she bore the alluring appearance of a mature, neighboring sisterly figure, there was also a cold aloofness on her face. Her crimson eyes held an unsettling glint.

She wore a tight-fitting purple outfit with a snug black leather breastplate. But the most bizarre part—she carried two long spears on her back.

Even a standard infantry spear was taller than her. She was carrying two.

"Your Majesty, my name is Scáthach, Queen of the Land of Shadows and guardian of the Gate of the Dead! My fool of an apprentice's magic spear was transferred into my hands." The strange woman, her hair a red-tinged violet, held up the weapon in question.

Medb spat on the ground. As a long-time rival who'd clashed head-on with Cú Chulainn for three full days and nights, there was no way she wouldn't recognize the Gáe Bolg.

"Hmph! What, did that idiot finally die?"

"He's not dead, but he's been captured by that Odin. I'm afraid he won't be able to withstand the torment of chaotic corruption and might fall into the arms of chaos," Scáthach said with a serious expression.

"Oh? Well then, when the army crosses the sea, you can serve as my vanguard," Medb boasted shamelessly as always—though, in fairness, that was largely because she now had a powerful patron backing her.

"No, there's no time! Chaos corrodes the souls of mortals far faster than we imagine. What I want to ask is... can I negotiate with the God-King behind you for a chance to save him?"

For once, Queen Medb blushed. "I... Th-that Majesty is very busy. I don't know if he has time for a pawn like you."

Scáthach was about to argue when, suddenly, they both felt it—a vast and overwhelming will descending upon them.

[Interesting.] The voice of Thalos echoed in their ears, erasing all hesitation as both women dropped to their knees.

"Greetings, most exalted God-King!" Scáthach said, trembling. She had come on a desperate gamble and never expected to actually draw out the supreme deity whose rank soared incomparably above her own. She had originally thought that if negotiations failed, she'd just charge in alone to save her "useless" disciple.

[You wish to save Cú Chulainn?]

"Yes, my lord!" Scáthach nodded. "If the world is in chaos, I could have that idiot guard the gate for me while I hunt down the remnants of chaos."

[No need to be nervous. But tell me—what price are you willing to pay to rescue your disciple?]

"I've heard that His Majesty Thalos Borson also holds the divine domain of [Death], is that true?"

[It is.]

"Then... as Sovereign of Two Worlds, is it not fitting that I offer my loyalty to Your Majesty?"

[Heh. Amusing.] Thalos could see right through Scáthach's little calculation.

She was simply aligning with the prevailing order. Since the will of the Celtic world had already submitted, it was only natural for a guardian of order like her to follow suit. And if she could use her position to request a divine favor and rescue Cú Chulainn in the process—so much the better.

Clearly, this master and disciple truly had a strong bond.

From the void, a sharp spear of light tore through space, smashing through the barrier between worlds and descending with a thunderous impact into the tent.

What appeared before Scáthach and Medb was a massive spear—taller than four men stacked end to end.

As they watched, this giant wooden spear slowly began to shrink, eventually reducing to a size usable by a human.

"This is...?" the two women asked in unison.

[The Eternal Spear—Gungnir! Once wielded by Odin himself.]

"What?" Both women were baffled.

Scáthach hesitated. "This spear..."

[Odin is my brother. In the world of Ginnungagap, he once launched a treacherous rebellion against me. I crushed him and his chaotic army, shredding his very soul. Who would've thought he'd flee to the Celtic world and start another wave of chaos? If you, Scáthach, bring Gungnir to rescue your disciple... things could get quite interesting.]

Thalos spoke, a wicked amusement flickering in his divine heart.

As Queen of the Land of Shadows, Scáthach was no fool. She immediately saw several possible outcomes.

First: she might not need to use Gungnir at all—rescuing Cú Chulainn safely. That would be best.

Second: if she used it and Odin showed up, she'd be in trouble—but Odin wouldn't be able to stop the tripartite coalition from crossing the sea.

Third: she used the divine spear, but Odin didn't appear—whether because he fled or was focused on the frontline. Either way, it benefited her.

There was no doubt about it—she was now a pawn in the games of the gods.

"Very well! I accept!" Scáthach did not hesitate. Her foolish disciple was captured, and this kind of divine-tier confrontation was already beyond her ability to handle alone. Though she bore a [Godslayer] trait, Odin was still the leader of the chaos giants.

One way or another, increasing her odds was a good thing.

She casually planted the Gáe Bolg in the ground for Queen Medb to watch over, then hefted Gungnir and strode out.

The joint sea crossing of the three major island kingdoms had always been an incredibly difficult operation.

In this primitive age with barely any form of communication, even planning to launch on the same day could be derailed by countless unforeseen issues, dooming the entire plan.

But this was the will of the God-King Thalos!

First, he sent Valkyries to each army. They brought with them something this era had never possessed—real-time communication! Under Thalos's divine will, all orders reached each commander without delay.

Second, Thalos's divine domain included Water!

Not just the sea—a domain above even oceans.

When the human commanders across the three islands claimed it would take a long time to gather ships, the Valkyries calmly relayed a message: "No ships are needed. Just bring your soldiers and supplies to the coast."

King Arthur and the others, skeptical but obedient, did as they were told.

And what they witnessed next was a scene they would never forget:

A brilliant white ribbon appeared across the sea's surface—serene, wide, and clear. It lay across the ocean like a massive track, parting the restless waves on either side.

Then, a massive "vehicle" made entirely of solidified seawater slowly approached and stopped at the shore.

"My lords, please board."

King Arthur instinctively covered his mouth in awe.

This casual manipulation of oceans, this world-altering divine force...

This was the might of a God-King!